IDEAS IN HOME-MAKING. PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONS FOR EVERY WOMAN



THE MISCHIEF MAKER

phia at midnight."

Let Us Start the

New Year Right!

Author of "The New Housekeeping."

what item of the family expense is forc-

ing the money mercury up to summer

heat? There is a great deal of talk about

better, more economical, more co-opera-

slipped into the handbag when shopping and purchases noted directly. Sales slips should be retained and enterel, also entry made of money paid by check and all other items of payment. At the end of each week, or monthly, the cards or book can easily be "balanced." This should show these things:

First, What sum was spent for each item.

itam. Second. Which items were out of pro-

parties.
Third. Where leaks and extravagances

roured.

Fourth Where economy is possible.

The household account book is the housewife's armor against the high cost of living Unites she makes herealf armorproof, she will live in perpetual fear of the Expense Monater.

Across the Counter

The holiday season brings down the

price of almost every article of woman's

even greater reductions are made in some

A searf of black lynx is now priced at

These are not of the novelty order.

The must is large and round, and the scart

in wide and the head of the animal adoran one end and the tail the other.

Similar in style is a black for scarf

The butcher, the baker, the candiestick

near?

The hear somewhat varied. I admit was broken, and he went to Canada in a huff. we not at all sahamed of it, either. Why an earth abauld I be ashamed? I'm really thru eather proud of my experiences, if the truth were seld. Per men are as groupetant to write upon the fair sex as myaway!"

Then she showed me the letter. I will

There is a type of girl who, by common manent, is termed a "man's" girl. This belly interpreted implies that she is popular with men, but goesn't get on well with members of her own sex.

I ones knew a girl of this type very intimately. Her real name was Florence. [That's mel] Vestterday I came across the but her friends called her Flosais for whore floors called her an even shorter name than that, though I must say I

idence and judgment. There was none of those new-fangled "newwomanish" no-lions about Flossie. Thank goodness for

She was the sort of a girl who made you feel you were some one and really mither a dashing sort of fellow after all, you know. A chat with Flossie would chesr me up like magic if ever I happened to be in the blues or have a bad grouch

But it worried me awfully to think that ector girls didn't like her, especially in view of the fact that she was so nice to other stris-

I was mad one day, for instance, when I heard her call Mary "dearest darling," and Mary let her do so without turning

"Mary, I always thought you were an consst. straightforward sort," I remarked later to her (I've already said that Mary s my cousin and quite an attractive girl). You know that you dislike Flossie, for acly the other day you referred to her in my bearing as a 'oat,' and yet you let her call you 'darfing' and 'dearest' and talk to you as if you were her greatest

"Oh," retorted Mary, contemptuously, "that's just where you don't see through her. I can't help her calling me 'darling' to ray race. She doesn't behind my back. She is a cat. 'The 'durlings' are only a ears of purr."

dwelling fig. 600.
North J. Moss both siz building of the 2 or rente The g grant, a nyent in will go 60th stra BALE Bales at 1500. At 1500.

College
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FUN

The fuef Mian
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Christ O

and so est. The 'durlings' are only a sort of purn''
And so it was that I gradually came to the sunchiston that Floosic was woefully will based and maligned by those whom the called her friends. Therefore, manding, I described time.

The family who wishes to start the new year right will have to do so by deciding to follow a budget plan and keep track of family expenses. Out of 50 clubwards of family expenses. Out of 50 clubwards of family expenses are as possible for their unkindness by giving her a spiceally time.

So it sook her out to theseres and parties, and was very lavish as far as candy and dowers we're concerned. Floasic was an prettilly grateful in her thanks, too
as different from most present-day girls who accept from which did not know what were its cost, its average as a matter of the same of the present to the same present to think that a man should never a sensitive and present from the present to the same present to think that a man should never have one of a many framilies do not so apportion to the same present from the present from Olds, if you only realise how men bate

ints sort of thing you would refrain from steparanting the looks of your friends. Piscate never made such a mistake. him was far too claver for that!

ndaed, so claverly did she manage me trut I was drifting slowly toto an enrecoment, until at last something happanel which spened my eyes to the real dispesition of my "misjudged" little ...

I'd not an invitation to a party given by a little Chester, who was quite the grands dame of our little set. To my surprise, ine the had never been away from the

Charleton Bouns. Of opures, Fronte was disappointed, so I described to may nothing, but to not wear. Already a 25 per cent. reduction sheet suisily to make the omission good is offered by some of the shops, and an my own. Mrs. Chaster was a great

third of my mother's, so it really would on oney job, I thought. To my surprise, I found it wasn't, \$15 with a must to match at \$25.

Limitality, for when the next day I went mend to him. Chester's with my re-I was mot with a point-blank re-

nation for her reseas, but at first a could say was that Picele was under the picele was the Picele was tracked mischer shoul ever

Similar in style is a black for scarf that costs \$15 and a new that costs \$15 and a new that costs \$15 and a new that costs \$15 and a large neokaless of political for of beautiful quality is reduced to \$15. With this is a cred valued at \$10.

A coast of spinic (or can be bought for \$15 and a numb for \$15.

Very pretty little neokapteces of fluctsom style are valued at \$12.50, with that numb at \$13.

Perchan lamb, which is one of the fury were in industries. Is made into scarfa that cost \$15 and make the spice of \$15. These are palles soull and more under a big furnessered button.

First number of makeship are selfing for \$15 and and the cost \$15 and \$15 a Thingtor," I said, "you are making an against same one whose friend-cally very much-s airs I admire any other girl I know. I shall re-me to melatentiale your charges or

wall he view of that, of course she You transmisse Mark Westen?" she

on the Mark-of energy I did the Find coming of contention are being for the majorith.

Meshaphenes of his coney count from 16.75 to find, with section to go with these at \$1.35 and \$10.

Takife collars of Japaneses wints the annual countries that annual section the whole of one must be annual section for Japaneses mints are sold for pale? In what appears to be the earth country of polic.

There are note of making reaction with the contribution replies \$1.00 and the earth. our graniest classe. He'd had a trugh a gran steep. He'd gone off to Canada ner a fune with his france. And his on west Darty Chaster. I continuely

and that Mark and Dern query of short," she outstreed. "but to you don't have been been and a

Modes of the Hour

From time to time, during the waning and waxing of autumn and winter, certain furs have been hernided as the smartest of the season. With each announcement a different fur is named, for no one fur has been able to maintain any but the briefest ascendency.

Russian mble, real seal, ermine and certain kinds of fox are too costly to lose or gain very much as far as the vogue of the moment goes, but their position is a secure and a very lofty one. The evening wrap pictured is made en-

"I have the proof," Mrs. Chester con-tinued, "only, unhappily, Mark did not send it along until after be had gone off, or I could have disproved the slander once and for all and prevented his going tirely of ermine and trimmed in a very effective way with ermine tails. The collar is bordered with a succession of the tails, the big sleeves are banded with them and they are placed in a line above not repeat all Pionsie said, but the following will give you an idea: the circular bottom of the cloak.

There is a suggestion of the cape in the out of the cloak, which is a marked "As a friend," she wrote, "I think it right to warn you that Dora is playing a feature of many of the cloaks of the seadouble game. Since you've been up North son, whether they are of fur or of fabric. en business she's always out with X. The bishop sleeve hung from kimono shoulders and the deep ragian sleeve are pair of them driving through Philadei- featured in fur coats and in evening wraps of other materials, as well as in the separate coat for wear over the one-

wag indignant when I heard my cousin
Many refer to her as the "Cat."

For I was decidedly smitten with Plossia. She was one of those seft, appealins looking little things who hang upon
a man's every word, the type of girl who

The set of the set of

into beautiful coats for wear by day and for evening wraps.

Broadtail and caracul are used for coats of very modish cut. It is not usual to see a fur coat of any kind without collar and cuffs of another kind.

Nutria and beaver, fox and fitch, monkey and skunk are all used in this way with very good effect. These are named because they are used so frequently and because a list of all the furs worn at the present moment would have had eyes for no other girl when she was Mrs. Chester seemed to read my thoughts. She shrugged her shoulders exthoughts. She shrugged her anothers be pressively.

"Jealousy and sheer love of mischlef-making, I suppose," she said. "Though you forced this revelation on me. I'm glad you've found her out."

And so was I. Of course, I broke with Fiorate. People tell me that ever since she's been busy spreading yarns about worn at the present moment would have to be an alphabetical and very comprehensive one.

Black lynx, for instance, a fur that But most of her friends know her mis-chief-making propensities of old, so her yarns won't hurt me much.

is very hard to distinguish from a certain quality of black fox, often supplies the collar and cuffs and the band around the bottom of the coat that is in such

Kolinsky is another fur that makes a beautiful trimming. One sees leopard skin as a trimming and made into entire coats. Leopard skin waistcoats are very dashing, worn either with a coat of an-other kind of fur or with a walking suit. By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK Squirrel is seen now and again in fur sets and as trimming, but the coat of squirrel has apparently been eliminated from the very large field of fashionable maker-who gets the money? If we are experiencing the high cost of living, just

Children are wearing it still, and one wonders just why it is not in favor with women, when almost every other animal that owns a pelt, even the ordi-nary cat, has been found fair game by the furriers. better, more economical, more co-operative, more everything buying. But how
about better, more economical, more businesslike methods of keeping track of what
we spend?

Even if we save 3 cents on a piece of
chuck, save 10 cents by dividing the busket of apples with our neighbor, or 25
cents by sending to a manufacturer direct
for a certain product, where do the 3, the
10 and the 25 cents apply on other items of
family expense? Do we actually save it,
or does it so into the gulf of the Great
Uncounted?

To My Lady

Though I must leave you, sweetheart, Dim not with tears those eyes, Made by dear love for shining Like stars in his own skies.

Take up the task that waits you, Let hope drive out despair; So shall your sweet example Help me to do and dare.



A BEAUTIFUL WRAP OF FASHIONABLE DESIGN



TYPEWRITTEN LOVE LETTERS

Sensible Girl



YES, I do consider myself a sensible girl, and I hope I shall always remain one. For that very reason I refuse to give into the whims of the man to whom I am engaged—although, as a matter of fact, I am exceedinly fond of Jim.

Jim is my fiance, and a perfect dear—in most things. Not in all, however! Still, I always make allowances for him—he's only a man, after all, and they're all allke. We girls shouldn't humor them too far, all the same. No, I don't apell Jim, I'm training him up in the way he should go, so that one day he may prove an excellent husband. Some girls apoll their

whom I am engaged—although, as a matter of fact, I am exceedinly fond of Jim. Jim is my fiance, and a perfect dear—in most things. Not in all, however! Still. I always make allowances for him—he's only a man, after all, and they're all allke. We girls shouldn't humor them too far, all the eame. No, I don't spoil Jim. I'm training him up in the way he should go, so that one day he may prove an excellent husband. Some girls spoil their fiances before marriage, and then nag them after marriage! I do think that's absurd, and the girls only have themselves to blame. selves to blame.

I suppose there are crowds of people who will call me frightfully unsentimental when I say that I see no reason why I should not type my letters to Jim. He does so object to my typing the letters I

You see, I work in an office in the city. Twice a week Jim comes to see me at my home and once a week I visit him. That leaves four days every week on which we do not see one another. On the days we do not meet we write—an arrangement we made when we first be-

the days we do not meet we write—an arrangement we made when we first became engaged, and one from which we have never departed.

Well, as I say, I work in the city, and by the time I get home in the evening I feel quite tired out, and not a little bit like letter writing. However, for years I most faithfully sat down every evening and composed my love-letter. But, really, I got awfully tired of it. When I say that I do not want you to misunderstand me. I did not really tire of writing to Jim, it was merely the actual labor of holding and "driving" the pen which palled on me after a time.

One day, during the luncheon hour (I always have my lunch in the office—sand-wiches and such-like dainties) it occurred to me that I might as well type my usual episile to Jim. So I sat down and typed him an awfully nice letter.

The next evening Jim met me cutside the office. He looked awfully glum—nay, bad-tempered—so I started to chatter away in the hope that he would forget his ill-humor. Not a bit of it, believe me. I might as well have tried to charm a marble statue. I simply could not get him into a decent frame of mind. So finally I somewhat petulantly asked him if there was anything seriously wrong.

"Need you ask?" he snapped. "Tve

finally I somewhat petulantly asked him if there was anything seriously wrong.
"Need you ask?" he snapped. "Twe never heard of such a thing in my life."
"Such a thing as what?" I asked.
"Why, a typewritten love-letter, of course," was his reply.
"But, my dear boy—" I started.
"No endearments, please," he snapped back. "A girl who can in cold blood sit down and type a love-letter to her sweetheart can have no sentiment in her nature, and if she has no sentiment she should refrain from using terms of endearment."

dearment."

When he had gone on in this strain for

"Oh," I said, "I know exactly what you object to. You object to tryewritten love letters. But, my dear boy, you are going to receive them: every time now they will be typed."

I talked to Jim until he came round to my way of thinking. He was a leng time before he would alter his viawe, but finally he did, although even now I have an idea that in his heart of hearts he thinks a tings of romance has been taken from our engagement because I insist upon typing the letters. However, I do it, and shall continue to do so until the end of the chapter. Many a sentimental miss will find fault with my views. Well, end or the chapter. Many a sentimental miss will find fault with my views. Well, I may be wrong. But who shall say that, because my love letters are typed, they are any the less sentimental?

How Sweethearts Part

They know so many different kinds of parting, these lovers. There is the parting in anger; the parting in grief and anguish, and the temporary separating which poets call "such sweet sorrow," and which the uninspired and unromantic world considers merely a "good-night!" Of the first two, nothing need here be said. The first should never occur, if lovers are wise and tactful and loya; and the second depends upon ofreunstance and unkindly fate, and is not to be arranged for beforehand.

But the third and everyday parting

But the third and everyday parting, that is different. Vastly amusing to the outside world, but a delicious business to those concerned. How they linger over it, so that its duration is prolonged to as many minutes as would make a goodly half hour or more! A draughty passage or a frosty garden has no terrors for them.

them.
Still, it is all part of the pretty love game, and so we smile with kindness and tolerance. After all, one is young but once, and the proce of everyday life will come fast enough. So the linguishing and most unbusinessike farewell is natural and right enough, and love preserves his clients from the rights that we uninteresting and ordinary mortals run of cold or fatigue.

The Chicago Menace.

when he had gone on in this strain for some time, I gently stopped him.
"Now, young man," I said, "if you will listen to me for a while, we will thrash this matter out. What you complain about is the fact that I have type-must contend with in the Windy City.

JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

conting the important matter with Lady Wimberley. He is the younger brather of the late peer and heir-presumptive to the little.

Lady Wimberley is most anxious for Guy to go to Heartree, which is a emailer and pourser achool guite close to the Wimberley. He would have home—Monkaliver. The Academater, JOHN BRISIGH, is a great releast of her Evilago has presented by made Harpfree.

Lord Arthur Meries visits Erisigh and, is spite of his present with Erisigh? Advanced the Heart of heart of the Heart of heart of the present of the greatly impressed with Erisigh? Advanced the Heart of heart of the Heart is looked after as he essayed that advance are afost for hidsepping the boy. "It would be worth aome one's while to get rid of him, he says. One astempt he circuly been made unsueccusfully at St. Poneras Station. The heart facilities at Methesiter is a detective who has been engaged to watch Gut, though Lody Wimberley is ignorant of the facil. "Frieigh processes to look after Guy, "as the frielesses after he has apolten, because of the social alforence between them; but Ame language the watch for his registree, to a server in the process of the social of foremen between them; but Ame language that the loves her.

A year after Guy has been at Harpfree, Erisigh, no a visit to Lady Wimberley, cubraves that he loves her.

He is rightnessed after he has apolten, because of the social alforence between them; but Ame language that the loves her.

He is rightnessed after he has apolten, because of the social difference between them; but Ame language that the loves her.

He is rightnessed after he has apolten, because of the social section of the manuer of the social section for the section her content of the social section of the social section of the social section of the social section has been decided as a section of the social section of the social section has been decided as a section of the social section of th

They direct pine and had they there to matter plot argent from a long, presenting to be left pine and the line transfer, enterrupts them.

CHAPTER IX (Continued).

PARE TER IX (Continued).

Formulated to speak, started at the

reman in silence. Then he regained his

eyes. But he was glad that Meriet was

In the other room.
"Please sit down," he said quietly.
"You gave me a bit of a shock." "I'm so sorry," she said, sweetly. "I'm an old friend of Mrs. Travers—we were at school together—great friends—you know what girls are—and it has lasted—our friendship, I mean. She is so beautiful—I think she is the most beautiful woman in the world."

in the world."

The woman talked eagerly, and the fine dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. She was good looking herself, tall and graceful, with hair that was possibly dyed, but which gittered like gold. Mr. Vertigan, no mean judge of character, thought that she was a woman who had seen a good deal of the world and had found pleater of entersent in Mr.

plenty of enjoyment in life.

"Yes, she is beautiful," said Vertigan, with a smile; "the sister of Mr. Erieigh, the headmaster of Harptree, as you know. I am a science master there. I suppose her brother has asked her to give me some measure." some message. "Oh, no-I've come from Mrs. Travers-

she wants to see you."
"Well, please sit down, Mrs.-I don't

"Well, please sit down, Mrs.—I don't think I caught your name."
"Miss Newbolt—I won't keep you long. I was only asked to come round to tell you that Mrs. Travers particularly wished to see you."
She seated herself in a chair by the fire and looked up at Vertigan with a smile. "I think it's about her son," she said. "The boy is thinking of applying for a post in some big manufactory. I don't quite understand what it is, but I think he's got to have some knowledge of chem.

post in some big manufactory. I don't quite understand what it is, but I think he's got to have some knowledge of chemistry, and Mrs. Travers was wondering if she could arrange with you—well, she'll tell you all that herself."

"I should be very glad to help any relation of Mr. Erieigh's." said Vertigan, who knew that Mrs. Travers did not wish to see him about anything of the sort. "But I do not understand why she did not write to me or call on me herself."

"She's ill, poor 'thing," said Miss Newbolt, 'said can't leave the house. So she sent me round here."

"Where is she living!" queried Vertigan, who was perfectly well acquainted with Mrs. Travers's address.

"M. Pirst-road. West Kensington. She is forbidden to write any interest or see any one; but this is rather urgent, and she thought that perhaps you could help herduring the holidays."

"I shall be most pleased," said Vertigan. "By the by, how did she know my address?"

"Oh. I can't tell you that," laughed litts Newbolf. "Grane to the nort of

gan. "By the by, how did she know my address?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that," laughed Miss Newbolt. "Grace to the sort of woman that knows everything, but I suppesse she got is from her brother."

"You know Mr. Erieigh. ch?"

"I remember him as a boy."

"A ma chap,"

"So I've siways heard. Mr. Vertigan."

The subsoinanter scrutinised her face.
"Ever hem down to Harptree?" he asked.

"Never, Mr. Vertigan," she replied.
Than she rose from her chair.

"I must really be going," she said. "g suppose you wouldn't care to come round with no now—to see Mrs. Travers. I

"The atraid it is too late, little New-test; but I will call temocrow about tea-lines. Too car tell has that I ahad be present to do anything in my power to her."
"Front of you," said lifter Newbolt a wrote. "Good-use, Mr. Vertigan," before he realized what she was a sky had dusted the door incolor. mistake—my fault—I ought to have escorted you downstairs—I will de so now."

He opened the door for her and followed her down into the hall. When they reached the bottom of the stairs she when and the stairs are the stairs the whispered:

whispered:
"There was some one in there, Mr.
Vertigan: I—I hope he has not overheard
our conversation?"
"Oh, no: and, if he did, it wouldn't
matter. It is a friend of Mrs. Travers. He was in there when you arrived, and I suppose was too shy to come out. Good-

She walked away down the street, and Vertigan returned to the sitting room.
Dick Meriet scowled at him.
"You must be mad!" he said angrily.
"A nice fool I looked, I can tell you."
"It's all right, my dear fellow—a friend of Mrs. Trayors."

of Mrs. Travers.' "A spy more likely. What was her

"Newbolt-Miss Newbolt."
"Never heard of her. Why did she give Mrs. Travers' name?"
Vertigan explained, but Meriet was not satisfied.

"It's a trap," he growled. "A nice fool

"It's a trap," he growled. "A nice fool you've made of yourself. I'm not sure I haven't seen the woman before. I have an idea I have, She's one of the Barker gang, and now she's found out just what they want to know—you and I and Mrs. Travers—they've found out that we all three know each other."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Vertigan sharply. "You're nerves are all wrong. You're not fit for this kind of work. One of these days you'll break down over some simple business and give the whole show away. We may as well know the worst as soon as possible. You'd better drive round to see Mrs. Travers—at once." "Yes, I think I will—just to set your mind at rest. You ought to see a doctor. You're all to pleces."
Vertigen left the room, found a taxicab, and ten minutes later he knocked at the door of 24 Firs road.
"Is Mrs. Travers in?" he saked the

Vertigan left the room, found a taxicah, and ten minutes later he knocked at the door of 24 Firs road.

"Is Mrs. Travers in?" he asked the servant who opened the door.

"No, sir-she's not) in London."

"Indeed? When did she leave London?"

"Three days ago, sir, and she will not return until the day after tomorrow."

"Thank you," said Vertigan quietly."

"Will you please say that Mr. Smith called to see her?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Vertigan walked slowly across the pavement to the cah. He knew that the fight had begun in saruest now—that his position at Harptree had changed—that henceforward he would be an object of suspicion, and that only his hold over John Erielgh would save him from instant dismissal.

"Well?" queried Meriet as the cab drove away in the direction of Bayswater. Vertigan made no attempts to conceal the truth. His companion laughed contemptuously.

"You'll have to hurry through things a

"You'll have to hurry through things a bit," he said in a low voice. "It must be not later than the first formight of next

mod later than the first formight of next term,"
"And Lord Arthur"
"I will deal with Lord Arthur—one of thus days."
CHAPTER X
Two days later Mrs. Trawen sai alone in the little disling mon of N Firs road. The spartment, though very small was comfortable and dainthy furnished. A consorted are blazed in the tiny grate. The surpet and curtains were thick. There were several vases of flower—costly fluxuries at that time or the year, it locked like the house of a woman of traits—a woman who had not much money, but was weady to spend some of it on things that made life more beautiful.
Outside the house the wind togred down the factors strong and then there was a patter of rain against the window. When there dains a patter gight than menal Mrs. Travers togged and from the weeks about the was

the case to said charges the June Grade of the Thickey

at the clock on the mantelplece and resumed her work again.

She seemed hardly part of the picture as she sat there darning socks in the firelight. She was so beautiful, so exquisitely dressed, that any one who had met her, either at Monksilver or her brother's house, could hardly have imagined her engaged in so domestic an occupation amid such humble surroundings. She would have been more in place in some great salon, idling her time away with a book or the centre of a crowd of admirers. She could have taken her place as hostess in any of the great houses of England. She was fond of galety and luxury and beautiful things and the admiration of men. But she was

"And what's at the end of it, mothe and the admiration of men. But she was a woman who did everything well. The darning on the heel of the sock was done most perfectly, and if she had been set Nothing a few more pounds a year, and one dies quite unknown, with nothing done."

most perfectly, and if she had been set to scrub a floor one may be quite sure that she would have scrubbed it most wonderfully clean.

The clock on the mantelplece atruck seven, and a minute later Mrs. Travers heard the closing of the hall door. She smiled, and the tender light of love came into her eyes. Her boy had returned from the day's work—her boy, the only person she loved in all the world. Two minutes elapsed, and then thore was the sound of slow footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and a young man entered the room. He was slim and well built, of medium height, with a pale, clean-shaven face, dark hair, and large, dreamy, brown eyes. He was extraordinarily handsome, as one might have expected of the son of se beautiful a woman. And he had an air done."

"Except a life of honest work, Jim."

"Yes, to put money in other men's pockets—shareholders, people one doesn't even know. Now, when you mend that sock you do me a kindness. I do no one a kindness. I have work and work and work. I'd rather be a bricklayer. There, at any rate, one can see some result. One can point to a house and say. I built part of it, and when one is dead the house will remain—the work of one's hands."

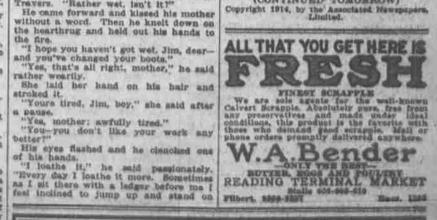
"Jim, old boy, perhans one of these."

hands."
"Jim, old boy, perhaps one of these days we shall have money, and then you can do what work you like. Your plane—that is an amusement, you can't sain as one might have expected of the son of so heautiful a woman. And he had an air of distinction and breeding that would have marked him out at once as different from the 50 other clerks in his office.

"Well, Jim, old chap?" said Mrs.

Travers. "Rather wet, isn't it?"

He came forward and klased his mother without a word. Then he knelt down on the hearthrug and half he knelt down on the hearthrug and half.



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